The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLII *August* 31, 1945 NUMBER 20

THE WEEK 467
WASHINGTON TO PARIS TO ROME *Jean C. de Menasce* 470
CLASS OVERTHROW AND THE BRITISH ELECTION *George Catlin* 470
UNDER THE STONE (*Verse*) *Colby Cleveland* 417
COMMUNICATIONS 477
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 479
A STORY OF GROWTH *Francis Downing* 480
A CORRESPONDENT'S THOROUGH JOB *James MacGregor Byrne* 481
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 480
Flowering Dusk — All Brave Sailors — The Annihilation of Man — So Well Remembered

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in* 1924, *with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1945 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. ASHland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year. Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c. *Editors*: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

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Britain's Foreign Policy

WHAT George Catlin says elsewhere in this issue about Ernest Bevin is well borne out in the new Foreign Secretary's report to the House of Commons, August 21. Bevin shows that he can be "a tough man." His sentiments could scarcely be more "pro-international" and "pro-American."

It is not so much the friendly and appreciative things he says about the United States. Such courtesies are common among the leaders of allied states. It is something much more fundamental. Ernest Bevin, in exposing his nation's current foreign policy, point by point, country by country, outlines an objective which is the exact counterpart of that of the United States. He insists that in every instance the peoples involved must be enabled freely to express their will as to their leaders and their form of government. (It must be admitted here that his speech made little attempt to apply this principle to the British Empire.)

Let us examine the objectives he exposes country by country. He says of the British intervention in Greece: "The purpose of restoring order was to create a position upon which the Greeks could determine their own form of government and also settle the constitutional question. . . ." Mr. Bevin took great pains to explain the Labor Government's policy toward Poland. Final boundaries are to be settled at the peace table. He tells of meeting at Potsdam with representatives of the present Warsaw provisional government, of the guarantees of all personal and property rights of Polish citizens returning to their country. Mr. Bevin and his colleagues also got assurances that free and secret elections would be conducted in Poland not later than early next year, of freedom of religion, access to Poland for foreign newspapermen and the withdrawal of Soviet troops. Again, "the question of the régime in Spain is one for the Spanish people to decide." Welcome as would be a change of the Franco régime, "His Majesty's Government is not prepared to take any step which would permit or encourage civil war in that country."

As it is in the Balkans that this principle is receiving its sternest test, Mr. Bevin talks his toughest about Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary where "the governments which have been set up do not in our view represent the majority of the people and the impression we get from recent developments is that one kind of totalitarianism is being replaced by another." (How contrary to fact do the Brooklyn *Tablet's* allegations as to the character of the new Labor Government—discussed here two weeks ago—appear at this point!) The British Foreign Secretary says further that the election about to be conducted in Bulgaria under Soviet auspices is so far from a free election that "it is not in our view consistent with the principles of liberty. We shall not therefore be able to regard as representative any government resulting from such elections." Mr. Bevin dubs the present governments of these three Russia-dominated countries as not "sufficiently representative to meet the requirements of diplomatic relations."

How to iron out such Anglo-American differences with Russia is not the subject of these paragraphs. What Ernest Bevin's succinct and able report to Commons does show is that the new Labor Government comprises a group of men whose aims strongly approximate America's basic democratic ideals. There appears to be in England today a living proof that there is a third term to the false dilemma of either fascism or communism. England has a chance to make that plain. So that beyond current Anglo-American political objectives stands a more important and more long-range reason for our doing everything feasible to assist the Labor Government. If it is credit which England needs, let us not allow our own financiers to bar the vaults. It is be exports, let us provide for British goods an ever-expanding market. Again, as in 1940, America's future is vitally linked with Britain's fate.

The Emperor's Rescript

IT OCCURS to us, looking back at the hour of the German surrender, that we cannot recall anything that any German said which matched that

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hour. There is nothing in any way memorable. There was some sort of admiral who said something, but he was only somebody who had been left behind to say something after everyone in the government had run away. There was no one to speak for the German people. Hitler disappeared, leaving vague witnesses to tell about having brought a tin of gasoline to pour over his body, leaving the German people to believe or not to believe in a sordid suicide, leaving them no message, no myth.

At the end of the other war there was a little more dignity, at least some slight expression of belief in a German nation, and in the duty owed by the government to the nation. The German Emperor had thought enough of his person and function to place them both in safe retirement. Available on call.

No one but tourists ever called. The Germans tried a republic, but it did not last, and then this other thing did not last, and when there was a Prussian state the Germans had a nation, but they have never had a nation, the habit of a nation, since the Emperor went to Doorn and so, when they were compelled to surrender, there was no one who could speak for them.

A people is very fortunate if it has a government it has worked very hard to get, and has had for a long time, in good times and bad times, and believes in entirely. The British have a government like that. And the Swiss. And Americans have a government like that. It is very much too soon to know if the Russians are making a Russian government which may become—in a hundred years or so—like the British and American governments. Something in which you trust and in which you would trust even in the great misery of defeat and ruin. Something of a kind you would never think of exchanging for something of another kind. It is the most unfortunate lot of the French that after so much and varied experiment ever since 1789 they have not yet succeeded in establishing a government of this nature. When France fell, their latest attempt at a government in which all Frenchmen could trust collapsed also, and so Pétain spoke for France but de Gaulle spoke also for France; there was great confusion.

When the Japanese people were defeated, their government stayed with them in defeat. They had a government in which they believed. They had someone who could speak to them and for them. The Emperor said: "Despite the best that has been done by everyone—the gallant fighting of the military and naval forces, the diligence and assiduity of our servants of the state and the devoted service of our one hundred million people, the war situation has developed not necessarily to Japan's advantage . . ." Well, it's all right to smile.

The Emperor said: "The enemy has begun to employ a new and most cruel bomb, the power of which to do damage is indeed incalculable, taking the toll of many innocent lives."

The Emperor surrendered and then he said: "Having been able to save and maintain the structure of the Imperial state, we are always with you, our good and loyal subjects, relying upon your sincerity and integrity. . . . Let the entire nation continue as one family from generation to generation, ever firm in its faith in the imperishableness of its divine land and mindful of its heavy burden of responsibilities and the long road before it. Unite your total strength to be devoted to the construction for the future. Cultivate the ways of rectitude, further nobility of spirit and work with resolution so that we may enhance the innate glory of the imperial state and keep pace with the progress of the world."

Atomic Bomb

WHILE it is true that no one seems to be particularly happy or exultant over the fact of the atomic bomb and the fact of our use of it against Japan, it is disturbing that there has been so little public protest. In England the record is better, but in this country one of the very few condemnations of our *use* of this instrument appeared in a joint statement signed by more or less the old familiar group of pacifist Protestant ministers and educators. This statement, although marred at the end by a certain lack of clear thinking, is eloquent and deserves praise. The nearest thing to a condemnation we have seen by any journalist is the following paragraph of implication written from Washington by David Lawrence:

> Winston Churchill says 1,000,000 American lives were saved by its use. This is sheer exaggeration. The Army Air Forces were going to demolish Japanese military installations and communications completely so our invading troops could go in standing up. At least the air folks boasted so only a few weeks ago. While the atomic bomb did save some lives, the American precedent in using it may cost the world some day many times the number of lives now saved. For perhaps no nation will feel again that the atomic bomb is a barbarous weapon, because Britain and America sanctioned its use.

The general American reaction, then, is one of stunned disquiet. It is not jubilant, yet it contains almost no real feeling of guilt. Perhaps this is for the very natural reason that people hesitate to criticize an action which is said to have spared American lives. The question immediately arises: did it spare American lives? Here we find an opinion that it spared very few if any of the lives of our men. But even assuming that it did save many lives, this should be balanced against the number of lives in the future which its use by us placed in jeopardy. And if this be done, we are confronted with an obligation to condemn

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what we ourselves did, an obligation to admit that our victory has been sadly sullied not only because we used this weapon but because we have tacitly acceded to its use.

Federation and the Pope

IN THIS week's "Communications" section we publish a letter from Mortimer Adler of the University of Chicago concerning the position of the Holy See and of the American bishops with regard to national sovereignty and a world federation. Mr. Adler says that our advocacy of a federal constitution creating a world government under law in our issue of August 17 "is the first time you have explicitly advocated world federation as indispensable for world peace."

Mr. Adler feels that this position does not coincide with the position repeatedly taken by the Popes in recent years. With this we disagree, although we fully grant that there seems to be a divergence, and Mr. Adler is more than justified in raising the question. First of all we should like to take issue with two of his premises. He tells us that the nations of the world "now identify their sovereignty with their autonomy," and that "we must be prepared to say" that these nations "should surrender that autonomy . . ." Does Mr. Adler himself identify sovereignty with autonomy? Both words, of course, are loosely used. But we believe that there is a distinction between them. We believe that it is quite possible for each nation to retain a full measure of autonomy while still forming a part of a world government. The classic instance lies in the cantons of Switzerland, which are certainly autonomous but which belong to a federal union.

Mr. Adler evidently adheres to the school which views sovereignty as an all-or-nothing attribute. From his letter one concludes that it is impossible for a nation to give up *part* of its sovereignty. It either gives up its sovereignty, or it does not. With this position also we disagree. Our own political life in this country serves admirably to illustrate how sovereignty is in fact fragmented, even though this may be repellent to the Cartesian mind. A certain degree of sovereignty resides in our municipalities, somewhat more resides in our states, a clearly delimited sovereignty resides in our federal government. Sovereignty may in theory appear indivisible; in practice it is constantly divided.

Mr. Adler apparently views sovereignty as an absolute thing, a political entity. We believe that this view is false and contrary to the facts. We view sovereignty as a political means or tool established to safeguard certain more fundamental rights, such as cultural autonomy, economic welfare and internal peace. It is these rights which are important; sovereignty is important only in so far as it is necessary for their maintenance. Hence the Popes have constantly stressed the importance of sovereignty because it has served as the best protector of these essential rights. This emerges clearly from the first of the points set up by Pius XII (December 24, 1939) as requisite for a just and honorable peace:

> A fundamental postulate of any just and honorable peace is an assurance for all nations, great or small, powerful or weak, of their right to life and independence. The will of one nation to live must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another. When this equality of rights has been destroyed, attacked, or threatened, order demands that reparation shall be made, and the measure and extent of that reparation is determined, not by the sword nor by arbitrary decision of self-interest, but by the rules of justice and reciprocal equity.

It must be borne in mind, however, that while rigorously defending the sovereign rights of nations, the Popes have likewise insisted upon the terrible dangers which are the result of what might be called the abuse of sovereignty—excessive nationalism. Here is a typical specimen:

> . . . Beware of the grave danger of exaggerated nationalism. For there is nationalism and nationalism, which amounts to saying that there is nation and nation, personality and personality. Nations as well as nationalism are existing realities, for nations were made by God. There is, therefore, room for a fair and moderate nationalism, which is the breeding ground of many virtues, but beware of exaggerated nationalism as of a veritable curse. Unfortunately, it seems to Us that the facts justify Our terms—a veritable curse—for it breeds constant diversion and the threat of war.

From this it seems to us a safe assumption that neither the papacy nor the American bishops would have any objection to a world state *voluntarily and freely* constituted by the world's nations, they delegating to that state the same sort of sovereignty that the various states of our own union have delegated to the federal government, or that the Swiss cantons have for centuries delegated to the Helvetic federation. What the Pope—and any other person committed to a moral world—would object to, and object to loudly, is any proposal to *impose* a world state. Since, as Mr. Adler so graphically points out, the motives for free acceptance of a world state have until recently been insufficient to give us hope of any action in this direction on the part of our sovereign nations, it has not in all probability occurred to the Holy See to formulate its ideas on such an eventuality. The atomic bomb has galvanized these motives and given them a degree of life for which none of us could safely have hoped before its advent.

The basic universalism of Christianity coupled with constant papal condemnations of excessive nationalism is in our opinion quite sufficient to allay any fear Mr. Adler may have as to the attitude of the Holy Father toward a freely accepted world government.

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Washington to Paris to Rome

Travel notes of a returning exile

Jean C. de Menasce

I FEEL SMUG; I make every effort to look suave and benevolent. Soon my neck will be stiff but I keep my nose glued to the glass looking down; the pilot is strict, one can smoke only in the crew's washroom; I chew gum; all my neighbors' jaws are in motion with a serious and powerful calm; I play with my gum; between my tongue and my palate I make a little ball, I flatten out the ball, I make it thin and long, I pass it between my lips; frivolity brings punishment: I swallow the ball and am invaded by fearful apprehension as to its fate and my own.

Assiduously I compose brilliant and conclusive phrases with which to describe America and its inhabitants to my European friends. Of America I shall say: "There is so much of it, do not be astonished if I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that America is not all canary yellow as it is on the map; I found an Anjou countryside in the State of Tennessee, the Alps in the Rockies, a Sahara, a Calabria, a Riviera and a Beauce—but an Anjou without white castles and slate roofs, a Switzerland without little chalets, without geraniums in window boxes (because the cows of this country dwell in porcelain bathrooms, the cheese they make is very poor); a Riviera without little fishing ports, ochre colored and rose, a Beauce without Chartres Cathedral, a Sahara without Bedouins and camels."

In France, of course, the people you meet most often are named Durand, Dupont, in America these people are named Jones. Yet, all the same, when I think of the French I have to put Mistinguette and Maritain side by side, Béccassine and Marie Bashkirtsef side by side, Péguy and Voltaire, Madame Bovary and the placid mothers of record-breaking families, the avaricious peasant and Father de Foucault, Marshal Pétain and Proudhon. But in America the people I met were mostly Wallaces, variations on the Vice President: college Wallaces, business Wallaces, Wallaces who, if colored, were pleasant and kind, Irish Wallaces slightly aggressive, over-fed Wallaces in pulpits, and when they were Jews, the Wallaces were a little bit more so. Everyone in this country that has passed from my vision (there is only now the sea, the sea and the sunlight merging) everyone whom I have known is kind, serviceable, terribly conscientious, serious and trusting, optimist and simple. The American is a good man and is not ashamed to be good. How shall I explain (I don't know how to explain away) Steinbeck and Hemingway?

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A landing in Newfoundland: an officer has come for us and takes us in a jeep to the administration building—wayside inn for the air routes—in which we are fed, while our horse, our bird, fills its stomach, its wings, with gasoline. The porterhouse steaks make Harvey's prewar steaks look like nothing at all. A second and lengthy stop at night in the Azores, Times Square of world air travel.

Through a magnificent late afternoon we fly over England; the fields are red, brown and deep green, they are broken bits of stained glass or of pottery put together again, the little stone walls are the cement or the lead which hold them together. The French checkerboard is light green and yellow; all the French fields have fine geometrical shapes, squares, rectangles; the French have cut their country into pieces, the English have broken their country into pieces: each Frenchman owns a slice, each Englishman a broken bit of his country. As for America, she resembled a biological tissue seen through the microscope, or one of those beautiful plates illustrating a book on anatomy. Is this perhaps a birdseye view of social and psychological differences?

At the risk of distressing my friends of the Legion of Decency I must say that I think that it is the airplane rather than any Coney Island which is likely to bring us back to paganism. "What is man? A little nothing lost in the universe; slapped into his place in the cosmos, man acquires a measurable notion of his misery and nothingness." That is paganism. And that mood is a parody, an easy substitute for the concept of man assigned his place by God. Which is Christianity. The easy inclination which brings us to say "I am nothing" is so attractive, this happy despair so easy. Nothing is more dangerous than to dwarf the human by a mechanical trick instead of by an inner asceticism, by a flight which is not the flight of love. If a spiritual deepening does not slowly free us—without our disdaining anything—from the material, then it is a

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thousand times better to remain humbly enmeshed in matter. A *"contemptu mundi"* due only to a sour stomach or to an optical effect is the worst of misadventures. That man is in peril who attains a sense of his grandeur, or of his nothingness, merely because he has climbed 8,000 feet in the air, merely because, with immense rapidity, he has passed above life; that man is in peril who becomes inhuman without becoming Christian; that man is lost who loses his humanity without clothing himself in the divine. There exists an imbecile hardness which pretends to grandeur.

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To the same extent that a burned out, twisted, hammered and crumbled village is a tragic sight when it is seen *from within,* to the same extent these same ruined villages, seen *from the air,* remain peaceful and happy in the Maytime countryside of Normandy. Bomb craters in green wheatfields look like little molehills on a lawn; it is only by an active effort of the imagination that one understands the significance of the fact that there is no light smoke rising from the hearths, no light mist of smoke above the factory chimneys, no orderly towpaths and river banks along the Seine, no automobiles or trucks on the ribbons of the roads, no trains on the tiny tracks. Absences in a countryside the scale of a child's toy, those absences are the only trace of war. And so it is not surprising that snooty little Clare Luce should have fallen into the trap. I flew over Cherbourg, Caen, Lisieux, without recognizing them; I had to wait until the pilot showed me our course on the map.

It is sad to find oneself a lost stranger incessantly obliged to ask his way in a country which one knows. I am all for traveling by boat, by automobile, by train, and then there is the arrival in port, the familiar landmark, the pilot boat coming out, the city which seems to be coming out to greet you, and Marseilles does not greet you in the way Naples greets you, and Naples not as Alexandria or as New York. But there is no difference whatever between landing in Newfoundland or in the Azores or at LaGuardia Field. Tell me, rather, how one arrives at the Lyons Station in Paris, or in Penn Station, or at Roma Termini; or when the automobile comes near a city and there are the gas stations, the market gardens, the more and more crowded suburbs. That is a way to enter a city, but no, a hundred times no, not as it was when suddenly we were over Orly and the steward said, "Folks, put on your belts, we're in Paris." And I did not know it.

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Naturally the rue le Pic, the Champs Elysées, the quay Conti, the place des Vosges, the place Vendôme still are there. Ménasce-the-cat feels quite at home, Ménasce-the-dog is disconcerted: the people have changed. You would not be more surprised if tomorrow morning on your way down Eighth Avenue, instead of trucks there were only oxcarts, instead of the street's normal, and Levantine, population of second-hand clothes dealers and storekeepers, there were fakirs or Dutch peasant women in wooden shoes. Paris is as different from itself as a same street seen by a master lithographer of the seventeenth century and by an Utrillo. And so, naturally, within me the dog and the cat are engaged in argument, and I am disturbed; between the dog and cat my heart sways. Yes, certainly yes, that is the Pont Neuf in the evening light, the Ile Saint Louis, those the familiar signs, "Cent Mille Chemises," "Chaussures Raoul." But who are these round squat little women, with their hair pyramided into such extraordinary shapes? Who are these men whose stare is so hard, so vulgar, so stern and so suspicious? Where is the courtesy or the mocking laughter of yesteryear? Why, why O My God, does suffering make people so unpleasant? Our lady, Sister Suffering, advances, and in her train walk Sister Bitterness, Sister Rancor, Sister Chip-on-the-Shoulder, Sister Aggressiveness, Sister Suspicion, Sister Quarrelsomeness. What a family!

It is one thing to read a war correspondent's account of some atrocity, but it is another thing entirely to spend the evening with a lady who has been beautiful, and now is like some haggard witch in a fairy story, and she tells you how she lay in a ditch, holding her breath, with the dogs of the German police sniffing at her—and, again, it is another thing entirely to see a man in prison clothes step out of an American plane, who was a chaplain from the Maquis.

Just as water edges over the side of a boat when it is too heavily laden, thus my heart is "shipping" the flood of despair that invades it from all sides. Faith and hope hang by the skin of their teeth at the very edge of the abyss. Oh, I know of course there is free will, and, yes, there is Adam, and, yes, Combes and his anti-clerical legislation, and yes, of course, there are all the explanations of apologetics, ten or twenty or thirty of them, but why this horror? It is true, certainly, that you cannot arrive at any symmetry between sin and the cross, and Christianity does not hide scandal with any shell game of dialectics. Yet why did that cremation furnace in the reprisal camp bear the name "Shadow and Cloud" (a line from "Parsifal"), how, in that other camp, account for a group of prisoner musicians? Separated from the other prisoners, well-fed, washed, clad in black and white shirts with leaves twined in their long hair, why were they forced to march with the condemned, playing symphonic music, to the gas chamber? Why did that German officer

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put a piano in the middle of a little village square in Savoy and play Wagner on it while the villagers kept time to the music turning round and round in a circle and each time a searchlight fell on one of them they shot him down with a revolver, and all the womenfolk of the village standing there forced to watch this music hall of Hell? Why does it have to be that this Aryan and Christian lady has *forgotten* that her daughter-in-law left the silver and the jewels with her to keep before she went into hiding? Why does it have to be that these Jews sent off to Germany, when they came out of the sealed railway car, of their own free will walked straight to the cremation furnace, and when they got in front of it they all sat down on the sidewalk, all in line, very quietly, waiting for their turn to die? Why did these young prisoners choose to die strangled rather than yield to the perverts of the SS, while these others were willing to push wheelbarrows packed full with heavy earth over the heads of comrades still alive? Why did this association of landlords try to prevent the few Jews who came back from getting into their homes, and why did the priest say to me: "Oh, I can't do anything about them, I keep away from politics, I only preach the Gospel"? Why does it have to be that one of these men who was saved came out into the street from a reception center near Austerlitz Station and the only clothes he had on—thanks to the *charity* of his fellow men—were striped pajama trousers, a military jacket and a high silk hat, and the sauntering Parisians stood there laughing at him? And why did I stand there like a fool with only my dumb compassion when I met friends again who had lost their Faith, and why did I feel so embarrassed when in the presence of men who used Buchenwald or Dachau for an apologetics of Christianity with the same casualness that Bernardin de Saint Pierre used his famous bananas?

One of the houses in Pompeii still bears traces on its walls of election slogans scrawled on it more than two thousand years ago. I remember the little Italian villages when all the walls were covered with ferocious fascist slogans; a little *trattoria* at the seaside had been forced to daub its walls, to the hotel keeper's immense despair, with a threatening motto and one very bad for business, "Whoever stops, dies." Today all the walls of Rome are covered with "Viva Stalin," "Viva la Russia Democratica." Here and there the Christian Democrats have attempted to do a little opposition daubing, but they must have fewer painters in their ranks or else less paint in their storerooms. Certain walls in favorable strategical positions have become the enclosure for a battle of paint brushes; the "Viva" and the "Morte" are painted all over each other. No one dares or thinks to wash off his wall.

As I walk through the tortuous little streets, all the "vitamin" complexes, the "playground" complexes, all my hygienic and social complexes, developed or strengthened in America, are profoundly shocked. Certainly Harlem and the Washington alley houses are little masterpieces of urbanism. But in spite of the disapproval of everything within me which might make an excellent UNRRA official, I receive the shock of beauty, whereas that shock was never given me by the charming residential districts of even the more prosperous American suburbs. How is it that this leprous and dirty old wall, this twisting street, these little shops dark as caves, this little baroque church seen from the side, wound me with the wound of beauty, whereas the pretty Virginia houses, the harmonious and discreet country places, the well kept lawns only please me and give me a great desire to die a millionaire.

Make this picture for yourself. The populations of Harlem, of Little Italy, of the Bowery, have broken their dykes; they flood the sidewalks outside the Waldorf-Astoria, they flow up Park Avenue, settle everywhere and sell everything; fruit, rolls, cigarettes, secondhand electric light plugs, bicycle tires, postcards. Picture to yourself all the wheelbarrows, the benches, the folding chairs in the world, imagine mountains of apricots and lettuces; flies, women with babies at their breast, half-naked children, and then add marble columns, broken capitals, rags hanging out to dry from the windows, women with the slow dignity in their walk of peasant goddesses, young men looking like pimps, dark and cool palaces, fountains, jeeps. That is Rome 1945.

In France everyone has already written his book, or is correcting proof, on Buchenwald, Drancy, Compiègne or Dachau, or on the Maquis of the cities or of the countryside. "I make little songs of great suffering," Heine used to say. In France, everything turns into literature, naturally into good literature. And certainly we shall see in the bookstores frequented by young men such titles as "How I Found God in Buchenwald," "How I Lost My Faith in Dachau," "Impressions of a Surrealist on the Field of Blood," "Buchenwald and Personalism," "Catholics and Clandestine Action." You may note and deplore the lack of a certain civic sense in France; a political life which oscillates between a certain juridical triviality that reminds you of Molière's lawyers and certain grandiose gestures which make you think of D'Annunzio, but the vitality of French intelligence has remained intact and with it that capacity for measuring, for judging, for accurate description, for objective strength and expression; and this ability to see clearly and deeply into oneself and into the world presents an astounding spectacle of vitality.

In Rome no one gives a damn about literature. Take that young girl who used to walk about

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Rome with dynamite and funds for the partisans in her handbag and who, to the great terror of her friends, kept forgetting it wherever she went. Ask her to write her memoirs, about how she went to and fro between the Vatican and the Quirinal, between the communists and the general hiding in a cellar. Give her a title—"Dynamite in the Shade of the Trojan Column." She will laugh in your face. Neither those concerned nor any rewrite man will ever give expression to the acts of that friend who ran a clandestine short-wave station with a German Colonel living in his house; no one will describe the life of innumerable nuns in Rome with their convents stuffed full of parachutists, Jews, communists, conspirators; nor how those priests felt in their worn-out soutanes who suddenly saw their rectories filled with extremely dubious and bearded colleagues; no one will tell in writing the story of the railroad men who uncoupled a car filled with Jews on the way to deportation each time they went through a tunnel and who reached their destination all alone with their locomotive: they looked so stupid, so astonished, so little like supermen, that even the Germans believed them and shot them only for reasons of order and discipline.

The war correspondents, and the GI's when they come home, most probably will talk to you of the streets with the garbage piled up in stinking heaps; they will talk about soap, cigarettes, candy, and stolen gasoline, and about the "shoushà" (shoeshine) who sell their sisters and then gamble the hundreds of lira thus acquired playing at "zechinetto" or at "mora" from Palazzo Venezia to Via Veneto. And even the Romans are more likely to talk about how they cheated "that nice little soldier *tanto caro*"; they are much prouder of some dirty little trick than of having held their own against the SS, or of having gone with a false Capuchin monk to capture a submarine, or with a false Monsignor to steal some blueprints. Italian understatement is incomprehensible to French or to English people; just as Philip Neri concealed his virtues beneath assumed defects, so does the Roman, who has a strange modesty, cloak his heroism with his vulgarity. And then, too, he is so pleased and so proud of being "furbo." Out of all the episodes of clandestine activity it is the times when they were able to make an ass of somebody that they like to talk about—how they took Jimmy, the English flier, to dinner in town, how they took that American parachutist to the opera, and the time that Johnny got tight and sang "Tipperary" in the middle of the Piazza Colonna.

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While the doctor and the midwife went to the bathroom to wash their hands I came on tiptoe into the room and it was then that I saw him for the first time—a strange small object, soft and pinkish. I remember him piggy-back on my shoulders during the quiet summer walks in the Alpes Maritimes; I remember him serving my Mass at the Madonna del Carmine; and his letters when he was a schoolboy trying his hand at Catholic Action in his lycée. And now here he is, after nearly two years in the Maquis of Liguria: the boy's face has become thin and hard, a blonde beard makes him look like a conspiratorial Christ; his look at times is cynical, sometimes crafty, always sad; a bullet through his face forces him to speak with his lips held nearly closed—like an Oxford man. And that, perhaps, is all that he has left in common with a gentleman. For the kid does not look like a peasant nor like a soldier, but like a woodcutter or a trapper. With the four thousand men of his Partisan Division, he has been leading a life which combines that of a boy scout and that of a bandit, that of a hunted beast and that of the free and responsible citizen of a sort of platonic republic. "My wound was attended to in the Maquis by my little sister and by our head doctor, a freshman in a druggists' course. Anne came to join me when Françoise and Mother were taken as hostages and Father was forced into hiding with a price on his head. We lived on dry chestnuts and water; at first we had no other weapons but those captured from the Germans or from the fascist republicans whom we killed. The last months before the Germans capitulated in Genoa, my division controlled several mountain valleys, twenty or more villages and towns." These children (most of them were between 18 or 25) coined money, collected taxes, forced collaborationists to pay a heavy quota; exercised the right of life and death over their comrades who broke the honor code which bound them together, and over their prisoners. Listening to him talk, I understand why he looks at me so sternly and why that look of his is fundamentally so sad; this child has seen hundreds of men drag themselves at his feet, sobbing, asking for mercy, and then dying as cowards; he has seen others take up the challenge and die bravely; he has come upon the dead bodies of his comrades murdered and tortured, hanging by their feet in the village square. We go in to dinner; deliberately he remains out of the room while I say the blessing. "Is it absolutely necessary that just because you are a 'sans-culotte' general you should also be Godless?" He answers: "Uncle of mine, I am now a communist."

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Evening falls over the Roman countryside, the last rays of the setting sun illumine the umbrella pines from underneath, the crickets scrub themselves with a love as energetic as it is regular. I am smoking one of the last cigars that I brought

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from America. I am perplexed. That is the exact word. Why, for Heaven's sake, does this youngster have to lose his Faith? Of course there are bishops and prelates who had themselves over-photographed at fascist and nazi ceremonies, and they are nothing but D-Day democrats; but there is also the priest who said Mass in Buchenwald. Of course, too, there is the bigot who thinks herself the spiritual center of the world, and judges an event as favorable or unfavorable in so far as it is a temptation to overcome, or a trial by which her virtue is made manifest; who considers her neighbor as no more than a cause of pain or sacrifice, and consequently, as a source of merit; but there is also that little nun who, at Christmas and at Eastertide, used to send me horrible pink and blue and mauve and golden pictures, and who was tortured and questioned for nearly a month in Via Tasso (headquarters of the Roman Gestapo) without ever giving her name or the name of her convent, and who at night would get a cigarette from an SS guard and give it to her companions in misery to smoke—and then she would take the head of the burlesque strip-tease girl on her knees, and let her sleep there, and she would hold also the hand of the young woman who had thrown the Crucifix out of the window the day her first-born died. Entirely gentle, secret, while the others slept, without any artificial effort of apostolate, she then would say her rosary.

And then I try to understand my nephew's state of soul on the night he broke off relations with God. He was dying of hunger and cold, it was Christmas Eve, a woman from the village had given him a plateful of ravioli. He is so angry with God, that night most specially; all his religion—it was all in little colored pictures—is swept away by what he suffers. His mother and his sister already perhaps are on their way in that train of death which carries them to the salt mines. The poor kid would like very much to eat his ravioli by himself. He goes back to the encampment. Round the fire his comrades have found their friendship again, they have made their peace amongst each other again, they are preparing the plans for tomorrow's ambush; he divides his plate of ravioli among them; the Christmas banquet for these children is half a raviolo apiece.

Another young Partisan made me this appalling avowal: "I have known, and now I miss, the terrible joy of being absolute master of life and death; never has any Communion given me such an almost tangible feeling of being God as when I killed men, not in combat—then, there is too much excitement; it is almost a sport—but when I killed a disarmed prisoner."

What a mess! My nephew has lost his Faith and the other boy has not lost his Faith. "Labyrinthine ways" of God and man.

I flounder about in this world with neither statistics nor Gallup Poll to guide me. How many of these young men are pure in heart, how many are wounded in soul, how many are preparing to live on the income of their heroism as did the veterans and the Croix de Feu of the other war, who possessed a monopoly on patriotism together with the monopoly on tobacco shops? How many of them have learned impatience, short cuts through the legalisms and the structures which prevent society from falling into anarchy? The revolutionaries want to drain the baby out with the bath water; the conservatives prefer, I believe, the dirty water to the baby; the intellectuals drown themselves in generalizations, in deductions of pseudo-literature, in approximations; the popular masses turn toward banditry, lynchings, vandalism. There is neither the civic sense nor the bravery needed for a real beginning, with its essential courage, optimism, grandeur, kindness, imagination. Class selfishness, political maneuvering, utopias, fear; the old prejudices of before the war, of before 1918, are coming back; the druggists sell colored water at exorbitant prices, Benedetto Croce vetoes the appointment of a Catholic Minister of Education, the communists gather up all little ex-fascists and put the people back in their place in the same structure of compulsion which but yesterday was abolished; the policemen wander off in the other direction whenever they think they see a crowd, or anything that might look like a row. And, in and out of season, incessantly, the young Christians repeat that Christianity will save the world—but remain utterly incapable of advancing from this Christian myth into anything concrete.

The temptation to despair of man is an easy temptation. Is it possible that this humanity, which has burst the bonds of its organizations, its hypocrisies, its tradition, and which now is stripped bare like a newborn child—not a pretty child—is the one that Christ desired to save? "If our conception of Jesus is trifling, we hope to receive from Him only trifles." I do not know whether this phrase of Saint Clement's is a reflex prompted by Christian courage or whether by its means I am finding an escape to conceal from my conscience those sewers of hatred, fear and mistrust which are gaping wide everywhere.

"Phooey," Mr. Pickwick's cabby might well say to some pseudo-moralist prophesying the world's end: once upon a time there was an old horse pulling an old cab; and when the horse was tired, the cab, which had stored up energy, pushed the horse, and when the cab was tired the horse would start pulling again, and in this way the cab and the horse, pulling and pushing, pushed and pulled, never came to a stop. Certainly we are living in the era of the cab. And I believe that more coal, more tires, more wheat and more steel will fix

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everything. Sam was right. "Deus fecit nationes sanabiles." (Sam did not say that.)

The moon is up. You do not hear the cicadas any longer, but only the concert of frogs in love. So long.

Class Overthrow and the British Election

GEORGE CATLIN

THE OVERWHELMING labor victory in Britain was accurately anticipated only by the Gallup poll, hitherto regarded by British conservatism as unreliable. If Dr. Gallup had been a gambling man he could have made a fortune. The political pundits were merely taking bets that the Conservatives would not have more than a hundred majority—and finding takers. This has been a "khaki election" indeed; but the service vote has been against the Tory government.

It has not been a vote of censure on Mr. Churchill personally. No one who saw that scion of the House of Marlborough being greeted on his election tour can doubt this. Maybe he will become a duke—as indeed he ought. But it has been a vote of censure upon many of the things that Mr. Churchill stood for, and on the methods which he and his supporters adopted.

Most of the electors had never heard of Professor Laski, whose influence in America is greater than in Britain. His prestige, as he has indicated with his usual humor in the *New Statesman,* was recognized only in limited circles. Those who had heard of him would have regarded it as distinctly funny that he, of all people, should be thought of as deciding the country's destinies. Seven years ago I was regarded as a moron because of my attempt to get one trade unionist chairman of a Party Conference to regard this very able man as of any political importance whatsoever. This chairman was as far out in his judgment as Laski himself, when he wrote of Hitler as one who would die talking of his lost chances of becoming German chancellor. Overnight Laski has had the gratifying experience of finding himself notorious.

The Conservative campaign, forced on Churchill, was in the hands of Canadian Max Aitken, otherwise Lord Beaverbrook. His many talents do not include political acumen in backing winners. Since Mr. Laski's name sounded slightly foreign, Beaverbrook decided to play it up. This was doggedly done, with flag headlines, in every Beaverbrook paper. Political differences between Laski, as would-be king-maker, and Attlee were emphasized in order to leave the impression that the Labor Party was rent by dissension. The weapon proved a boomerang.

Your correspondent, just returned from the different atmosphere of San Francisco, made an election tour from Colchester in Southeastern England to Warrington in industrial Lancashire. The electorate regarded itself as having been made the victim of an electioneering stunt. The "Laski stunt" of the smart Beaverbrook press was not the only one. Mr. Churchill did himself infinite damage, in his first broadcast, by reviving the old exploded charges against socialism used in 1931, which the electors remembered. One would like to know who advised him on it, since even the *Times* was shocked. The dignity and seriousness of the matter was left to Mr. Attlee.

The electorate was not in the eighteenth century mood of wanting an Eatonswill election, views of cigars, strange hats, and circus slapstick featuring the Grand Old Campaigner, which Mr. Churchill's romanticism led him to suppose. (Incidentally Eatonswill returned a socialist.) The electorate was in a grim, business-like, unemotional temper, concerned about jobs, standard of living, peace. It had no desire for a spree and suspected the old party game. But the Conservatives, as the late editor of the *Yorkshire Post,* Mr. Arthur Mann, has indicated, spent time on exhibiting the old bag of tricks which they ought to have spent on displaying, if they had it, a constructive social program.

"The Socialists are after your savings." "The Socialists are after your houses." "Be patriotic and stand by the National Government." These catch-phrases could serve once—under Lord Baldwin in 1931. But they could not be made to serve twice. Soldiers voted Labor to teach Mr. Churchill that the terms "patriotic" and "national" were no peculiar prerogatives of his and the Tory party's.

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The election result was not a vote of censure on Mr. Churchill. Mr. Laski, speaking on terms of equality with the great victim, was able to congratulate him, in a phrase destined for history, on his war leadership. Nevertheless, ten thousand voters voted for an entirely unknown and "freak" candidate, and against Churchill, in his own constituency. In Epping, until recently his, a socialist was returned. The voters threw out his son, Randolph Churchill, his son-in-law Duncan Sandys, his *fidus Achates* Brendan Bracken (whose defeat was received without observable dismay over most of Britain) and members of his more intimate circle such as Mr. Amery. His personal opponents, such as R. R. Stokes, were returned with increased majorities. He challenged Herbert Morrison in East Lewisham—he was not sorry, he said, to see the last of him—and Morrison by an almost 22,000 change-over of votes becomes leader of the Commons. It was, in fact, a personal

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defeat. Young Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's son, only just scrambled back.

The explanation would seem to be that the people of Britain voted against Winston Churchill precisely because he is an aristocrat; precisely because he has all those dynamic qualities which made the English aristocracy into a ruling class; because he intervened at Murmansk after the last war; because they remembered or had heard of 1919 and the broken promises of "a land fit for heroes"; and precisely because they regarded the victory as a common effort and not at all as the achievement of one man.

Deeper reasons do then enter into the results than merely the inability of the Tory campaign managers to gauge the temper of the electorate. A chapter of history has finished. Never was anyone more wrong than the Vermont senator who, in the goodness of his heart, attributed the change to British envy of the high standard of living of the American doughboy. The American Embassy and the OWI in London has done far too poor a job in informing the British public about the American way of life (perhaps because of a failure higher up in recent years) for this factor to have had any appreciable influence. They learned more from President Truman—who by succeeding Mr. Roosevelt showed that no man is indispensable. And yet there may be one particle of truth in Senator Aiken's ingenious suggestion. The vote is a crushing vote against the English class system.

Nobody but the sensational press will attribute importance to the singing of the "Red Flag" in the House of Commons. The Party has been doing that for as long as I can remember at Party Conferences. One only notes that, perhaps from a feeling of delicacy towards Generalissimo Stalin, they did not sing the Internationale. If the issue is that of the decorum of the House, then it was first broken by the Tories singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." In this last some labor members joined. Fortunately the English do not usually wash much dirty political linen in public. As for the decorum of the House, it was restored when Mr. Speaker had been elected—a Tory elected by a socialist majority.

Do not let us, however, be deceived. This may prove a bloodless revolution like the "glorious 1688." But a revolution has now been begun, and (unless gross incompetence is shown in administration) all changes for the early future will be to the Left. Any increase of unemployment is scarcely likely to produce a reaction to the Right. Since a large number of extremely able young men—soldiers, lawyers, fellows of university college as well as trade unionists—have been elected, there will be no dearth of ability. Also do not let us be deceived if some of these men wear an "old school tie," like Dalton and Pethick-Lawrence of Eton and Cripps of Winchester. Mirabeau and Lenin were noblemen. American readers will do well to see "Tovaritch," if that play is revived, and observe the white-tied, immaculately dressed commissar.

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It does not follow that these changes will produce wild elation in Russia. As one journal shrewdly pointed out, it is now possible for Leftward-moving Western Europe to focus around London, instead of being the preserve of Moscow. If America, on the other hand, is going to preserve cordial relations with this new England, it has got to work for them instead of putting all its money on Mr. Churchill. There is something oddly incongruous in the real America backing the Tories and the *ancien régime*. It is significant that, in broadcasts, the example of the TVA has been widely used to illustrate to Americans the nature of the change. As readers of James Burnham's "The Managerial Revolution" should know, the day for doctrinaire antitheses of socialism and individualism lie in the past. It is for capitalists to cease to be doctrinaire. The justification of the true socialism is to provide liberty as a natural right and to safeguard property for every common man. The approach should be Anglo-Saxon and experimental.

A broom may well be used by Mr. Bevin with the young gentlemen of the British Embassy, with their superior ways. No tears will be shed here—especially as it will give more scope to some officials there who have been doing a conscientious and too little recognized job in public relations. But it is the Welsh and Yorkshire miners who treasure the photos of their cousins in the mines of Pennsylvania. And a superb opportunity now arises for ordinary men in the two countries really to understand each other and to sweep away the old feuds. Labor's social policy is but Americanism written out in European terms.

It is perhaps permissible to add that these relations will not be improved if officials are permitted to adopt an almost Russian system of security such as was put into operation when President Truman came through Plymouth. Here the Mayor, the guard of honor and the press were made fools of, by being kept waiting to receive the President who soon arrived. Instead the President was rushed in undignified haste through the back streets to Plymouth docks. The official, presumably American, responsible for this gross blunder should be dismissed.

The English worker has had to keep his mouth shut during the war. He was not a jingo—less so perhaps than his American cousin, because he had less need to be persuaded by intensive methods about the war. He did not like "Munichers"; and he has sacked almost the whole lot. He did

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not like führers; and even that really great man, Mr. Churchill, has fallen. Perhaps he was not too easy about intensive mass bombing and rigorous economic blockades. Anyhow the Minister for Air and Mr. Dingle Foot are dismissed along with Bracken. He will not stand interferences with the two party system; and there will be no "Liberal revival." The other day I heard Lord Samuel recall the landslide of 1906 and welcome the Labor Party into power if it would show a determined progressive spirit. Such a welcome from such a quarter is a good sign.

But such Liberal gestures do not alter the fact that the one thing the electorate will not tolerate, now that the Labor Party has been given power, is that it shall not use it to end the rule of the aristocrats, the bankers and the monopolists. The position in foreign affairs will depend, more than ever, upon the attitude of foreign countries. Mr. Bevin is a tough man, no "Piccadilly Frank Sinatra." The position will depend upon the willingness of the Generalissimo and of Marshal Tito to do business. It will depend upon whether the face that looks across from America is that of Lincoln or the more sourly Calvinistic one of Coolidge. Mr. Bevin is well known, among his intimate friends, for his genuinely pro-American, as well as pro-international, feelings. The rest is up to Mr. Truman.

Under the Stone

At a picnic you sit on a stone,
And it is warm on your legs from the sun,
Warm and hard and solid and sure
Like the certain love of your family,
Or like Peace
When you have grown used to it . . .
Say after five years,
Or ten.

But under the stone,
Under the warm, dependable stone,
There are slimy, crawling things,
Nameless horrors with a hundred legs,
Hateful parasites who feed on hate.

The stone shelters them, allows them to
exist, to breed;
But the stone has been moved twice
Lately,
And it may be moved again.

COLBY CLEVELAND.

Communications

ATOM BOMB

Chicago, Ills.

TO the Editors: As American citizens we strongly protest the atrocity of atomic bombing, and hope that you will likewise raise your voice in protest. In the face of our use of this weapon, which indiscriminately wipes out two hundred thousand lives at one stroke, prosecution of war criminals becomes an utter farce.

The implications of man's use of atomic force for destruction are overwhelming, and to call it a force for peace is at best wishful thinking. The airplane, too, was supposed to make war so horrible that it would be outlawed—and that was only twenty-five years ago. We must look for other ways of ending war than by increasing its destructiveness, or we shall end by the total destruction of human society.

CAMILLA HEWSON FLINTERMANN.
PETER C. FLINTERMANN.

THE CHURCH AND THE ISMS

Brooklyn, New York.

TO the Editors: Because of Don Luigi Sturzo's long and wide experience of the contemporary scene, I take his implicit acceptance of the gist of H. T. Maguire's factual criticism as sufficient answer to Father Cohalan's letter of August 10. That is, unless the latter does not consider Don Sturzo a "representative" Catholic.

I only wish to add that there is no inconsistency (and therefore no ground for Father Cohalan's amusement) in having advocated a war against Germany the wisdom of which has been overpoweringly proved by her decisive defeat, and in not now going to a war with Russia where the chances of victory are by no means so certain.

Moreover in both these cases the more representative Catholics (qualitatively speaking) would be those of us who, following Catholic teaching on the competence of the state, have abided by the decisions arrived at by the US Government after due consultation between the military and economic advisers thereto.

Careful readers of Father Cohalan's letter will not fail to notice his appeal to a dubious future as proof of his position and his unfortunate use of terms calculated to cast aspersions on the integrity of his opponents: *viz.*, "some Catholics neither representative nor disinterested in their motives"; "indifferent" to the Christian victims of Russia, "their obvious interest in political rewards," etc.

In a difference of opinion like this between Catholics let us keep to the plane of fact and reason.

THE REV. VINCENT C. BROWN.

Mineola, N. Y.

TO the Editors: My letter on "The Church and the Isms" in your June 22 issue was written out of the conviction that in the period between the two World Wars American Catholic intellectual leadership erred in concentrating Catholic group-thought and group-feeling against communism almost exclusively and minimizing—positively or by omission—the evil nature of fascism. That this conviction is not merely a personal aberration, is indicated by the response—in your columns and by personal communications—on the part of many Catholics.

In your July 20 issue, I attributed this error, this "miscarriage of instinct," to the sectarian outlook of American Catholicism, an outlook which I chose to designate a "Church as institution" viewpoint, and by virtue

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of which the American Church was led to judge communism and fascism, not by the ideologies they taught, but by their capacity for collaboration with ecclesiastical power in various parts of the world.

These basic convictions I wish to reiterate, in spite of the objections of Father Florence D. Cohalan. Father Cohalan has assumed the rôle of apologist in this discussion, and his ability cannot be gainsaid. Like much official apologetics, however, his rejoinder answers without enlightening. He examines the patient minutely, finds each limb and organ taintless: yet the complaint persists.

Like many another apologist, Father Cohalan unwittingly reinforces the indictment the more he answers it. As a spokesman for American Catholic leadership, he shows himself to be constantly preoccupied with communism and fascism, not as each appears in the light of its historical teleology, or in the light of reason or love or the instinctive brotherhood of man, but as their impact has been felt by "the Church in Germany" and "the Church in Russia" and "the Church in Italy." He holds aloft the single banner of the fraternal order for the furtherance of "Catholic causes" and speaks of that "us" and "they" which, in the sectarian philosophy, always constitute an antinomy.

In the controversy which developed following the publication of the original letter, three characteristics of this American Catholic sectarianism have been brought into view. I charged that it has been at least less than Christian in its toleration of anti-Semitism: that anti-Semitism which with its obverse, racial arrogance, is the center of gravity of fascism in its varied forms. In spite of Father Cohalan's charge of irrelevance, anti-Semitism in Boston *is* part of the pattern of American Catholic sectarianism: especially when the Church in Boston refuses to get excited about it. Reserve, caution and soberness are admirable where injustice to oneself is concerned; but Christian charity leaves absolutely no room for them where one's neighbor is the victim. Incidentally, when the editor of the Boston *Pilot* wistfully suggests that someone ought to write a thesis glorfying those Catholics of Europe who gave refuge to helpless Jews during the Hitler terror, such complacency and utter incapacity for self-examination go far beyond the humorous.

Secondly, this sectarianism has been obsessed with an Anglophobia which has hopelessly distorted the attitude of some American Catholics toward international affairs. Father Cohalan is true to type when—tongue in cheek—he writes: "Perhaps they ('many who clamored for war, allegedly on moral and religious grounds, before Pearl Harbor') will revive their once ardent interest in martyred Poland if the Russians appear at Suez."

Thirdly, Don Luigi Sturzo introduced an aspect which could *well* be the subject for a thesis by a Bostonian, if the editor of the *Pilot* is seriously concerned about material for dissertations. I refer to the disgraceful record of dishonesty piled up by so many Catholic politicians in America, and the continued support of such politicians on the part of clergy and people—principally because "they are our own."

Don Sturzo objects to my designating this sectarianism a "Church as institution" viewpoint. I do not of course intend the theological implications involved in any establishment of an opposition between the Church as an institution and the Church as Christlike principle. Both assuredly flow from Christ. What I am exposing and trying to fight is not consciously a theory, but an emphasis and an attitude: the attitude which automatically judges all political and social problems by their effects upon organizational Catholicism, local or international. By "ecclesiasticism," I think Don Sturzo means substantially the same thing.

It will no doubt appear to many that with my particular bugaboo—sectarianism—I am in effect whittling away legitimate Catholic solidarity to the vanishing point. If that be the case, attribute it to a sickening overdose of sectarianism, party-spirit and introverted Catholicism in Catholic grammar school, Catholic high school, Catholic college and Catholic seminary. I only hope that my indictment and its epilogue—a plea for mature Catholic intellectual leadership in America to weigh social phenomena with courageous disinterestedness and thus make the impact of Christian social philosophy *really* felt in American life—may exert some corrective influence, and that such an effect will outweigh whatever comfort my indictment has given to the enemies of the Church.

H. T. MAGUIRE.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

TO the Editors: Unfortunately, I missed reading H. T. Maguire's first letter and Reverend Florence D. Cohalan's reply thereto in your "Communications" column. However, I have been following the controversy since that time with a great deal of interest.

Being in agreement with H. T. Maguire's thesis, I naturally approve of his distinction between "Church as principle" and "Church as institution," although one might disagree with the terminology as Don Luigi Sturzo does in your August 10 issue, to the extreme discomfort of H. T. Maguire's opponents.

I have been wondering if H. T. Maguire pointed out any differences in point of view between the two groups he mentions other than the Russia-communism issue. It seems to me that this particular dispute is just one manifestation of the fundamental cleavage between the two groups. They are usually to be found holding divergent opinions about issues in all fields, political, economic, social and religious. Don Luigi Sturzo points out in his letter, for example, that those who are guilty of what he calls "Ecclesiasticism" are generally found to be favorable to authoritarian governments on all political levels, so long as those governments protect the material well-being of the Church. It so happens that evidence of this is found in Father Cohalan's statement that there are no purely fascist governments in South America because none of them "place any serious obstacles in the way of Christianity."

Economically and socially the same cleavage is to be found between the two groups. The group which H. T. Maguire is opposing as being advocates of a "Church as institution" point of view is generally found to be on

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friendly terms with "benevolent" industrialists and, at the same time, suspicious of anything that smacks of the "radical" in labor circles. For similar reasons, the group was generally anti-New Deal. On the other hand, the advocates of what H. T. Maguire calls a "Church as principle" point of view are usually opposed to the immoral aspects of modern capitalism and are busily engaged in activities which have as their purpose the alleviation of social and economic injustice, such as the various labor movements, Catholic and otherwise, the cooperative movement, the rural life movement, etc.

Finally, the dispute which clearly demonstrates the opposition of the two groups in their attitude toward the Church is found in the controversy over the movement for liturgical reform. Generally, those who are thinking in terms of "Church as institution" are opposed to, or at best disinterested in, liturgical reform. It goes without saying that those who are thinking in terms of "Church as principle" are the chief advocates of liturgical reform. It is this dispute, it seems to me, which most clearly indicates the fundamental difference between the two points of view mentioned by H. T. Maguire. And until this dispute is resolved, Catholics will continue to look upon social, economic and political issues with two pairs of eyes, the one pair usually seeing white where the other pair sees black.

ADRIAN P. WINKEL.

P.S. I pray that what Father Cohalan calls the "small number of unrepresentative Catholics" who usually appear in your columns will continue to do so.

WORLD GOVERNMENT

Chicago, Ills.

TO the Editors: In your issue of August 17 you write, as one of the repercussions of the atomic bomb, that we must "go beyond confederation—the San Francisco Charter—and establish a federal constitution creating a world government under law."

I have followed your editorial policy with regard to world peace and it seems to me that this is the first time you have explicitly advocated world federation as indispensable for world peace. I assume, of course, that you understand that the difference between confederation and federation lies in the retention or relinquishment of sovereignty on the part of the states which join such organizations. If you now advocate "a federal constitution creating a world government under law" you must also be prepared to say that the independent nations of the world which now identify their sovereignty with their autonomy should surrender that autonomy in order to bring themselves and their people into a much larger political community, in which they will be subordinate and dependent parts.

As you probably know, I agree with the position which you now seem to have taken. But does the Pope? The position of the Vatican, and of the bishops in this country, has always favored a mere league of nations, a mere confederacy, whether or not instituted exactly in the way that the San Francisco Charter devises. The reason has always seemed to be that the Pope and the bishops think that national sovereignty is an inviolable and inalienable right; or at least they are loath to advocate the total surrender of national sovereignty, preferring instead to talk about limitations on national sovereignty which, you know as well as I do, will not do; for federal union requires much more than some limitation on national sovereignty, it requires the total relinquishment of national sovereignty.

When, in a recent book, I argued that world government through federation is the minimum condition for world peace, I thought it only honest to go on and deal with the Papal utterances on the subject as either opposed or unclear. I need not tell you what the resulting reaction was in certain quarters of Catholic opinion. But that reaction is what makes me curious to learn from you now how you understand your own position in the light of papal and episcopal pronouncements, or how you understand their position in the light of your present views.

The atomic bomb had no less drastic effect on my thinking than it did on yours. I sincerely thought that the obstacles to world federation were so great that we couldn't expect to achieve this goal for centuries. But even a century is now too long. The so-called "United Nations," merely confederated under the San Francisco Charter, are not united enough to prevent another world war in the next fifty years. With the atomic bomb vastly improved in efficiency and magnitude, another world war will do more than postpone the beginning of world peace. We can no longer wait through several more world wars for the world to overcome the moral and spiritual, the economic and political, obstacles to world federation. Instead of 500 years, we have less than fifty to save "the last best hope of earth." We are called upon to do that, not out of nobility of purpose, but from sheer necessity in the interest of self preservation.

MORTIMER J. ADLER.

Readers will find our reply to Mr. Adler on page 469—
THE EDITORS.

ENGLISH WOMEN

Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico.

TO the Editors: However Britain may slight women, it certainly produced a good one in Anne Fremantle. Give us all you can of her and oblige.

WITTER BYNNER.

The Screen

Mixing Fun and World Politics

WHEN a man is over 21 he just doesn't absorb things easily—especially book learning. Max Wharton realizes this, and comes to appreciate it fully after he enlists, finishes basic training and goes to Officer Candidate School. Max is 39 and even though he was the brilliant editor of a liberal New York newspaper, he has to study like mad to keep up with the young men around him by memorizing a lot of abstract military subjects that Max sums up with: "When the war is over, won't we know a pack of useless stuff." But he didn't go into

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this just for "Medals for Maxie"; he wanted to be closer to The People and to learn first hand the servicemen's views on reshaping the post-war world. Max's struggle with OCS is made harder not only by the stiff competition of the younger candidates, but also by the machinations of his publisher who believes that Max is wasting his time at "playing soldier" and that his newspaper is going to the dogs because it doesn't have Max's leadership and first-rate editorials. On the other hand, Max's sincere and sweaty efforts to pass his courses are greatly helped by his wife who is braving the eccentricities of an inconvenient little bungalow near the army post to cheer up her husband, help him study and ward off any interference from the publisher who fervently hopes Max will flunk out.

Sidney Buchman produced and wrote the script of this movie version of *"Over 21."* It follows Ruth Gordon's stage play faithfully and makes some valuable and timely additions. The result is scintillating adult comedy. In spite of a few concessions to the masses in Charles Vidor's direction, like the slapstick and farcical sequences, the film has strong appeal for serious-minded movie-goers through its human portrayal of the Whartons and its sincere handling of bigger subjects than Max's becoming an officer. Of greater concern to Max than his own graduation is his worry over his fellow soldiers and civilians who are suspicious of our allies. It is this distrust, he thinks, that is paving the road to death and destruction. So his wife, a well-established novelist, quiets Max's bothersome publisher by writing a series of editorials under Max's name that set forth Max's one-world ideas in her own popular prose. These are well received. One, indeed, is so successful that Max uses it as his graduation day address and is glad for the opportunity to tell his large audience about "The World and Apple Pie."

Perhaps if this film, with its thin plot, weren't so well acted by its three leading players, it would seem like so much gushing idealism. Alexander Knox tempers Max's throbbing sincerity for the cause of world unity with the man's human weaknesses. No doubt some of this intensity is left over from his portrayal of Wilson; but in any case "Over 21" proves again that Knox is one of moviedom's better actors. Irene Dunne once more brings her wonderful sense of timing and comedy to the aid of scenes that might have dragged in other hands. The sequence in which she, as Max's wife who cannot cook, explains how to make an apple pie is a gem. Her rôle unfortunately requires some deviation from the truth, but when Miss Dunne is playing the part of the devoted wife, she performs with conviction and stirring beauty. Charles Coburn, even in a slightly unsympathetic rôle, knows how to hold an audience. Although the publisher's reasoning seems rather puerile at times (we cannot believe that he'd have to sell his paper just because Max left it), Coburn himself wins our interest in the erratic, obstinate man. These three make of "Over 21" something more than a light farce combined with side lectures on world politics. Although this picture would have had greater value had it come out last year, its main theme is one of growing importance and merits the attention of moviegoers. Even if we have to have our one-world propaganda sugar coated, let's have the propaganda; and we might as well have it coated with witty lines like these put over so brightly by Dunne, Knox and Coburn.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

A Story of Growth

FRANCIS DOWNING

THERE IS something painfully embarrassing in reading about conversions.* For the processes involved, even in Newman, are never quite made plain to us. The buoys that ride and ring in the rivers of our minds are sunk deep in emotional earth. And it is impossible, even to ourselves, so to stir that earth and understand its composition as to make it communicable.

Even if it were, reading about conversion is still difficult. I suppose that being born into a religion has something to do with it. We simply never understand the deep emotional longing of the once untenanted, or know their impulses, or the unadulterated joy. If a returning soldier, or a now safe refugee, kisses American earth, he is moved by an emotion I cannot share. He prizes passionately a thing I take for granted. I weep if my children die. I am not in undiminished ecstasy that they live.

Perhaps, too, I am pained in this reading because a thing I so dumbly love is exposed, is explained, is made articulate. There is an intimacy, a reverence, a silence, a reticence about religion as there is about love. When, therefore, Madame Maritain writes of her advancement into Catholicism and that "we sang incessantly in our hearts," it is a little difficult to participate in her adventure. When she writes about an actress whose eyes were ravaged by tears of ecstasy at becoming a Catholic, I avert my eyes. I put the book from me quickly. For I am in the presence of something I cannot comprehend.

There is here, also, a mysticism, a deep submission to religion as an islanded exercise in contemplation which I am forbidden to share. There is in it almost a delirium, an exploding and reexploding into the ecstatic that leaves in me the perturbation and a humility and wonder one feels with the discovery of the atomic bomb. She has gone far and deep into a land for which I have no passport.

There are things, though, in this journey into grace that I do understand. There are in these pages of clear, clean, exact writing such plumbed wells of understanding, of sympathy, of charity, of pity that one is amazed as if he had suddenly looked into the blinding light of the sun. But what emerges more strongly than anything else, what comes, rising up out of the precise and luminous prose, what flashes around your mind, stunning like the lightning at Damascus, is the terrible honesty that is the clean, new die out of which these sentences are stamped. For, as Potsdam made clear again, honesty is not the coin of the realm, and words, in our generation, are the materials by which counterfeiters live.

I have observed that much of the earlier religious life

*Adventures In Grace. Raïssa Maritain. Longmans. $2.75.

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of the Maritains was inner and contemplative. The young Jacques Maritain wrote that "the Christian vocation is a contemplative vocation." Their tangential relations with Massis, Maurras and the *Action Française* put them into positions that were the price of this kind of thinking. Madame Maritain was to make the painful and discomfiting discovery that they "did not guard against the fact that it was the Church in so far as it was Roman, and not in so far as it was Apostolic, whom Maurras so praised and admired." Thus the idea that religion—the Christian religion—was merely contemplative led to a thoughtlessness and a naïveté in respect of the political, indeed, in respect of the religious world. It led to an uncritical dependence on the clergy; at least on that part of them whom the Maritains knew, and who shared this belief. It gave to this philosophic couple a dispensation from examining a world and a set of ideas they tended to consider as unimportant, tended to consider, like Saint Paul, the evil of the time. I infer that Jacques Maritain had in those days moved further from this erstwhile position than had his wife.

I write at such length about this strange dichotomy because it is one that has ensnared many Catholics besides these great two. In an odd innocence such people have set their craft, thus, in the flow of fascism, to ride in what was once called "the wave of the future." Both the error and what I called the "terrible honesty" of this book are revealed, for all the unregenerate to learn, in this quotation:

> Today more than ever I bless the liberating intervention of the Church which, in 1926, exposed the errors of *Action Française,* following which I finally examined Maurras's doctrines and saw what they were worth. There began for me a period of reflection devoted to moral and political philosophy in which I tried to work out the character of authentically Christian politics and to establish, in the light of a philosophy of history and of culture, the true significance of the democratic inspiration and the nature of the new humanism for which we are waiting. Thus, at least, for what will soon be twenty years I have been able without respite to combat the ideas and the men whose wickedness I had seen at close hand, and who were finally to seize power with the defeat of the fatherland, and to betray the soul of France.

Small wonder that Jacques Maritain wrote what he wrote in respect of the Jew. Small wonder, with the old vision of religion gone, he had the brains, the courage and the integrity to write as he did in respect of the Spanish Civil War.

There are many good things in this book, and many people like Péguy and Léon Bloy whom we come to know. But, for me, what I have said above is its central significance. For it involves a decision some Catholics have still to make. Else they will ride with the cavalry of the rich and the cruel, and not march with the infantry of the poor and the unfree whose hurt it is the unhappy destiny of this generation to kiss, and then to heal.

Two final things speak in this luminous quest of grace. The one is the great and abiding love this man and woman bear for one another—"two with a light who match their steps and sing." The other is rarer still. It is that there is an equality of intellectual understanding and adventure. Madame Maritain not only knows of her husband's work; she *knows* the work itself, sharing in it, able to criticize it, and thus to give it praise. Not even Abelard had that from Heloise.

A Correspondent's Thorough Job

JAMES MAC GREGOR BYRNE

OVER the past few years, new books on South America have been legion. Rarely has there been such an embarrassment of choice. Before embarking on the latest volume on the subject, the average reader would do well to make reasonably sure that another book in the field might not much better suit his requirements and taste. Roland Hall Sharpe's "South America Uncensored"* is a case in point. Although it contains much of interest that will not be found elsewhere, it is by no means everybody's meat. It is not easy to state simply what aspect of South America the book is chiefly concerned with, as the author has made no great effort to limit his field.

To begin with, it could have been published in the form of two books, for the first half, concerning the political scene, has comparatively little direct connection with the second half, which is a sort of survey of the physical resources of the continent with a special eye for opportunities for growth and settlement. Being of course mutally complementary, the subjects make a good team.

The first part will be of greater interest to those who may read the book because of its title. It is devoted mainly to a consideration of the growth of fascism in Argentina and Brazil and to a critique of our government's policies in the matter. The State Department comes in for a number of hard knocks, as is the not undesirable fashion these days, for not only can sound criticism serve to bring about the modification of mistaken policies, but it also signifies that the American people are at last taking an interest in the conduct of their country's foreign affairs. Fortunately Mr. Sharp is a thoroughly responsible person and his criticism is generally of the constructive and not the carping variety. As staff correspondent on Latin American affairs of the *Christian Science Monitor,* he applies to his subject the same conscientious striving for truthfulness which has long been the hall-mark of his paper's foreign reporting. A commendable example in point is his inclusion at the end of the book of a glossary in which he defines briefly what he means when he uses word such as democracy, dictatorship, totalitarian, authoritarian, fascist, nazism and communism.

In brief, Mr. Sharp's thesis is that "our diplomacy has consisted in building up the wrong people in South America, giving them unexampled power, condoning dictators, bringing them to Washington and parading them

*South America Uncensored. Roland Hall Sharp. Longmans. $3.50.

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on Pennsylvania Avenue, loading them with honors, winking at their practice of fascism inside their own countries and otherwise discouraging South America's real democrats." "Some day present US diplomacy will have to face its responsibility for arming in Brazil the oldest, subtlest, and most deeply entrenched fascist system in South America. Argentina's clumsy barracks-room politicians are lagging years behind Dr. Vargas in their attempts to establish fascist controls over the press, education, industry, culture and diplomacy." In redressing the balance and showing that Brazil's strong-arm domestic policies are fully as fascist as Argentina's, even more so, he is doing a valuable service, for the average American having read so much about Argentina's misbehavior in the papers is apt to forget that there is domestic fascism in Brazil too.

Mr. Sharp also believes that our arming of Brazil created a fear complex in Argentina that occasioned the military revolution and provided it with considerable popular support. He sees as a result of US policy the alternative spectres either of war between Argentina and Brazil or "of potential secret accords between fascist elements in the armies of Brazil and Argentina, with various smaller satellites drawn in."

One is of course in agreement with Mr. Sharp's basic objectives. It would be nice if South Americans would put aside all violent dictatorial habits and substitute orderly democratic governments everywhere; and surely it is agreed we should not do anything to strengthen dictatorial governments if we can possibly help. But when there is no other government to deal with and a crisis such as that which confronted us at the beginning of this war arises, aren't we justified in trying "to make friends" with and "influence" the "people" in power? In the case of Batista of Cuba, this policy seems to have borne fruit of a kind beneficial to the Cubans as well as ourselves.

No one feels very happy about the lend-lease armaments which were given to Latin American countries. They were bound both to create an atmosphere of sabre-rattling and in addition, within each country, to strengthen the very elements which democrats most fear: in short, to encourage both outward aggression and internal oppression. However there is a side to it which Mr. Sharp does not mention.

Consider the situation during the early part of the war. German-inspired military coups were regarded as very real threats in nearly every Latin American country and had they come to pass could have caused us incalculable harm. In particular, the strategic importance of Brazil with a German-controlled Dakar facing her cannot be exaggerated. It is not at all inconceivable that the promise of new weapons and technical advice to general staffs throughout Latin America may have prevented certain planned uprisings from taking place. To a very considerable extent Latin American military castes have been psychologically, if not actually, trained in the German tradition. At the time it seemed reasonable to argue that the only way to wean the military caste away from the German tradition and bring them into our orbit was to send them a few new weapons, which in turn would provide the occasion for sending North American instructors to South America and inviting South American army officers to the US. Perhaps this program was carried on longer than necessary, but Mr. Sharp does not touch at all upon this aspect of it, although it constitutes a most significant example of cultural interchange, and Mr. Sharp elsewhere rightly places great faith in the development of cultural interchange between North and South America as the only sound way of building up a permanent understanding between the peoples and governments of this hemisphere.

After all, armies exist in South America and—alas!—they have power. Army officers are human beings and theoretically are capable of seeing the light, however difficult in practice it may be to convert them to democratic views. Therefore why not try working on them as well as on civilians?

★

These observations are not intended to detract from the validity of most of what Mr. Sharp says, but they are intended to show that he does at times incline toward over-simplification of hard problems. For example, in criticizing the Coordinator's Spanish language propaganda review, "En Guardia," for "over-emphasis placed on the war" and for "exalting the armed might of the US to a degree that could not fail to revive South American fears of the Colossus of the North," he suggests that "the same money wisely distributed to a few genuinely democratic papers in South America could have built more enduring friendships." Is not Mr. Sharp forgetting that at one point it was very important, even vital, that we convince military and bureaucratic elements in South America that our potential military might was greater than Germany's?

And as for distributing funds to genuinely democratic papers, that is neither so easy nor so wise. In the first place our government has long been opposed to outright subsidies to the press, partly no doubt because it considers the practice one of dubious propriety, but principally because it feels it would become too involved in local politics. In a country like Argentina, for example, there are many democratic newspapers, some of them representing different political parties. Not only would an equitable distribution of funds be practically impossible, but even if it were possible it would please no one for each would suspect us of favoring the other. We would be making more enemies than friends. Moreover, the tar of Yankee gold is still capable of blackening the reputation of a newspaper among practically all parties. It should not be forgotten that although the chief Yankee-baiters today are to be found among the nationalists of the extreme Right, not so long ago it was the democrats and the Left who were painting fearful pictures of Yankee commercial imperialism. There is a difference, of course, because whereas the Left used to harp only on the misdeeds of private American foreign concerns—in some cases, be it admitted, with considerable justification—the nationalists today attack American political ideals as well. But the

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point is that both the Right and the Left would scorn any paper that accepted an outright subsidy from the US Government.

While respecting Mr. Sharp's description of the outward symptoms troubling South America, this reviewer was not impressed by the profundity of his basic diagnosis nor in general with the remedies he prescribes. Not that any one else is much more successful. We all hope naturally that the fascist forces will be overthrown and that they will be replaced by honest and competent democratic régimes and not by fraudulent and corrupt ones that can do more to discredit democracy and destroy the people's faith in it than any amount of fascist propaganda. But as long as South America continues to be an anarchic conglomeration of sovereign and independent states, all living in fear and envy of one another with no superior constituted authority to enforce law and order among them, it is clear that each "Patria," each absurdly touchy tribal divinity, will demand of its subjects greater sacrifices and will grant them fewer liberties. As each nation becomes more conscious of its own personality and of that of its neighbors, the growth of nationalism appears inevitable. This, the main thesis of Mr. Emery Reves's "Anatomy of Peace," would seem especially applicable to South America.

I naturally cannot afford to go into historical details in a journalistic summary such as this, but I cannot help feeling that the almost complete absence of any historical analysis weakens the significance of Mr. Sharp's interpretations and recommendations.

★

The last half of the book is dedicated to a general appraisal of the economic opportunities that remain undeveloped in South America. Although in the form of a "travelogue," Mr. Sharp's travels have been so extensive (110,000 miles) that his story approximates a textbook in comprehensiveness. Naturally in the short space he allows, it must needs be comparatively superficial. Statistics are at a minimum since the author's purpose was obviously to write something readable, not a thorough scientific report. In a sense one gets a truer and more balanced picture than if the book were loaded down with statistics, for he is able to give proper stress to human and esthetic values which do not lend themselves very well to statistical interpretation. His estimates as to South America's capacity to grow in population and to prosper are surprisingly modest in comparison to what most of us have been led to believe. A good feature is a map of South America on which only the names of places mentioned in the text are marked. This helps enormously in following the text.

Any reader interested in the South American continent will find much engrossing information, a lot of which he is not likely to come across elsewhere, on such subjects as the lack of fertile soil in the Amazon jungles, curious climatic extremes and their consequences, conditions of travel in remote areas, the work of the US Government's rubber program, estimates of mineral and other natural resources, etc., etc. JAMES MACGREGOR BYRNE.

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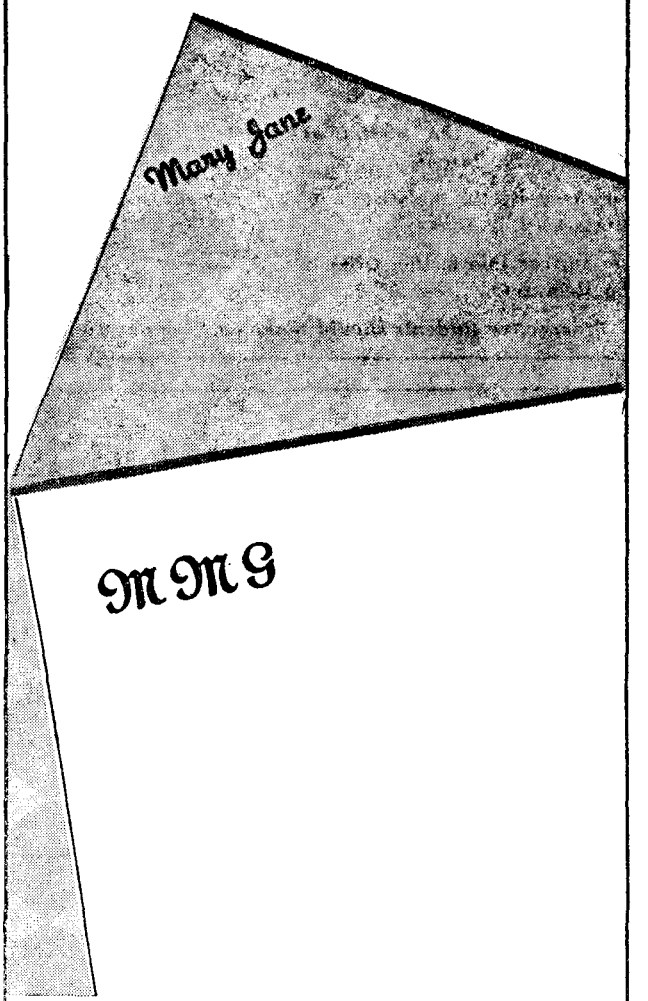

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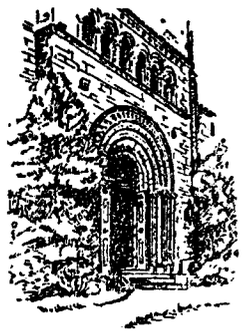

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More Books of the Week

Flowering Dusk. Things Remembered, Accurately and Inaccurately. Ella Young. Longmans. $3.50.

THIS IS a curious book, and a very tantalizing book, and I'd like to chuck it through the window, but I'll probably keep it to prove something sometime. After all, Ella Young had a great many friends among the writers and playwrights, and the poets and the scholars, of the Irish renaissance; and in the pages of this book she parades them all before us. Also she was the friend of Padraic Pearse and Thomas Clarke, whom she calls "the image-maker" and "the fire-bringer," presumably because Pearse held up an ideal of patriotism and Clarke stirred up the Fenian fires in defense of it. She toyed with revolution? With two of her best friends, Constance Markiewicz and Maud Gonne MacBride, Ella Young was among the most passionate preachers of Irish rebellion in the years before and after Easter week.

But Ella Young the writer is a strange person. Born a Presbyterian and graduated from the Royal University, Dublin (now the National University), she was still a girl when Æ converted her to theosophy; and the effect has been to color deeply her total outlook on life. It was, of course, the same with Æ and Yeats and all those who belonged to the Hermetic Society. But it was more so with Ella Young, and in this book of hers the connection between their theosophism and their passionate delving into the history and traditions of ancient Ireland becomes (for the first time, I think) quite obvious. There is in it essentially a search for the ancient religion and the ancient gods of Ireland—the gods, that is to say, of pre-Christian Ireland; the spirits of the lakes, the spirits of the mountains, the spirits of all the places and things of Ireland.

One cannot read this book and escape the conviction that for Ella Young those gods live on. It isn't affectation, as we've all along believed; Miss Young, now a theosophist missionary in Wales, has the sincerity of a Scottish Covenanter. That's the trouble. I greatly enjoy a good story about ghosts, I've all my days had a warm place in my heart for fairies and fairy music, and to me it's "delightful entirely" to hear that once Ella Young was followed home to Dublin by a mountain elf, a bit of a prankster, who spent the winter in her apartment. When all this becomes a matter of religion, though, the fun goes out of it and fantasy becomes a nightmare.

But, on the other hand, as I have said, there are all those people she tells us about. Her stories of the literary great and near-great belong to the record of an era that began with Yeats's "Celtic Twilight" and ended when Yeats (whatever he may have meant by it) wrote: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone . . ."

DAVID MARSHALL.

All Brave Sailors. John Beecher. Fischer. $2.50.

FROM ALL that one can gather Soviet Russia—with a set of circumstances far different from our own—has made a pretty good job of avoiding racial discriminations. There are current reports of considerable anti-Semitism there of a comparatively mild sort as European anti-Semitism goes, but on the whole that is one boast on which the Soviet fatherland has made the grade. Is there nothing comparable to which our political democracy can point with satisfaction? According to this book there were four American merchant vessels in this war

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commanded by Negro captains. The first of these, the *Booker T. Washington,* is the subject of Mr. Beecher's incantation. The ship was controlled throughout by the communist-dominated National Maritime Union; its crew was well divided among whites and Negroes, a number of them of both races having fought fascism in many sectors of the globe. They comprise a brave aggregation. Mr. Beecher presents the spirit which motivated this mixed crew with all the fire which his great-grandfather's sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, once concentrated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He is a man with a message if there ever was one. And whether or not he is exorbitant in his claims, the reputation achieved among civilians and the servicemen which the vessel carried is a challenge to every advocate of segregation as a solution for racial problems. It is a sad commentary on the present national state of mind that a harmonious working together such as Mr. Beecher describes should be something to get excited about.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Annihilation of Man. Leslie Paul. Harcourt. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR, an English Protestant, stresses the point that the present world crisis cannot be understood on purely economic and political bases, but has cultural and spiritual dimensions. He explains that nazism has deeper roots than Prussian militarism, Ruhr capitalism or mere gangsterism—that it really is a barbarian neo-paganism that rushed in to fill the vacuum of a technical and scientific civilization in which religious emotions were fading away. The mystical German "youth movement" which was inclined against the blind adoption of materialism lured the Germans to step backward toward the primitive-heroic concept of society proposed by the nazis. There are some grains of salt in this explanation, though the author overemphasizes the influence of the revolt of German youth and underrates the universal color-blindness toward values and the philosophical emptiness of the generation that turned nazi.

Leslie Paul knows that German nazism is only the most extreme realization of a world-wide threat; he is aware of the present dangers to political liberty, of human regimentation in robot-like communities, the supreme end of which, war, is even more irrational than untrammeled individualism.

Facing this dilemma of modern civilization, Leslie Paul is aware that to secure a free and equal society of men bound in a loving brotherhood is a task that must take precedence all other things of life. This insight convinces him that on revitalization of Christendom in our social life and a change of heart about the worth of a purely materialistic society are needed to combat the disintegration of our occidental civilization. It is remarkable how close this Protestant author approaches the conclusions of that illustrious English Catholic philosopher of history, Christopher Dawson.

MAX FISCHER.

So Well Remembered. James Hilton. Atlantic Monthly-Little. $2.50.

SOMEHOW George isn't just a character shut up in a book. I can well imagine asking George for advice, knowing the path he would indicate would be the most direct and honest one. For George himself all paths led to the one goal—the making of a better town of Browdley.

The city hadn't much to offer its children when George was born, son to a weaver whose hours of work precluded much social contact with his family but did not prevent

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Next Week

PROSPECT OF PEACE, by James MacGregor Byrne, takes up the possibility of establishing a world state with a universal body of law. To this he contrasts the formula of maintaining peace through a Big Three. He focuses attention on a phenomenon recently emphasized by Emery Reves and David J. Dallin: "nations are moved only by motives of greedy self-interest, and moral principles count for nothing in their actions, despite the fact that the majority of the individuals who go to make up the State may be peaceful, law-abiding persons who revere the moral law . . ."

MOTHER MARY SKOBTZOFF, by Helen Iswolsky, is a portrait of a Russian Orthodox nun, who spent her life in good works and died in a Nazi prison camp. "I recall her as a rather stout woman of fifty, with a round face, typically slavic, and grey dreamy eyes behind a pair of broken spectacles; somehow she never had the time or the means to mend them. Her black habit was old and worn, her shoes needed repair; her black veil was pinned under her chin, according to the Russian fashion, but it never remained quite straight and would slip over her brow, and then she would pull it back absentmindedly. . . . "

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS, by Charles J. Dutton, calls attention to a terrifying situation. He writes of the young desperados who in so many American cities are indulging in destruction —even murder—for the sheer joy of destroying things. Mr. Dutton cites plenty of incidents.

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his preaching every Sunday. Religion in the Boswell family had little grace but plenty of muscle. In George's young days, Browdley boys had little education and less hygiene, but model housing projects, playgrounds, sanitation and schools were all on the Mayor's program and, as Mayor, George piled up more bricks than promises.

In Browdley George's most intimate friend was the Catholic priest, but he came to know important men in the ministries in London and discovered beneath their "cool, impersonal civility" the same passion for their job that he had. England was the common denominator between Browdley and Whitehall. His likable efficiency brought him invitations to the Terrace of the House of Commons and some of the clubs, and the story provides him a contact with the peerage.

" 'Between you and me, England may not change as much as some people expect,' said Lord Winslow.

" 'Aye,' answered George, 'you might be right about that. And there's certainly one thing about England that won't change—ninety-five per cent of us are working folk and have been for a thousand years. . . . When I was a lad the rich had all the advantages but there's been a difference lately . . . are these things going to go on being advantages? . . . Take the Right School and the Right Accent for instance. You've got the right ones. I've got the wrong ones, but suppose some day we all wake up and find the whole thing doesn't matter.' "

By which it will be seen that George's popularity was not based on subservience.

It is for Livia to supply the melodrama. She is the antithesis to George but really not so interesting. Nor is the incident of Livia and the five-foot Krait more startling in a psychological sense than it is to my smattering of zoology. Always have I envisioned the menace of the Krait to be its diminutive size—20 inches according to the "Encyclopedia Britannica"—but perhaps vipers grow longer near Singapore than in India. The least interesting part of the story is Livia's strange childhood. Mr. Hilton manages to make all the facts about her equally surprising to both George and the reader.

"So Well Remembered" has neither the imaginative stir of "Lost Horizon" nor the simplicity of "Mr. Chips," but Browdley, prosaic and blue-printed, as seen through the Mayor's eyes, glows with some of the inner radiance of a Shangri La. James Hilton was born in just such a Lancashire town and in George he has embodied the tenacity and faith of the "little" men who endured blitzkrieg and rocket bomb. Even Mr. Churchill might have condoned the Mayor of Browdley's teetotalism; George is a man who defies oblivion and is a gift to the Labor Party.

E. V. R. WYATT.

CONTRIBUTORS

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David MARSHALL has recently become a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*. His latest book, "Grand Central Station," is soon to be published by Whittlesey House. Two books on Irish history, delayed by the war, may also appear in the near future.

Max FISCHER is a German journalist long resident in this country.

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